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Chapter 1; Thrushpaw

Thrushpaw padded out of the elder's den, blinking as her purple eyes adjusted to the light. She shook her pelt gently, knowing the silver tabby's fur would have to be groomed later. The seven-moon old apprentice bounced over towards Jaggedtooth, her mentor. "What are we going to do today?" Thrushpaw asked.

"Battle training," Jaggedtooth said. Thrushpaw smiled happily. "Thornpaw and Dustylight will join us." Thrushpaw's smile melted off her face.

Of all apprentices, why Thornpaw? He was arrogant and bossy. He had to be the best and was condescending to Thrushpaw, despite being a moon younger than her. But she couldn't complain. Especially since Thornpaw was Jaggedtooth's son. She shook her head slightly. She could deal with a new apprentice. Now if only he would wake up.

She sat down and groomed her pelt as she watched Dustylight march over to where Thornpaw was still sleeping, which was under the shade of a tree. Dustylight poked her head in front of his, annoyance sparking off her pelt, and despite being across camp from the tree, Thrushpaw could hear Dustylight yell.

"Just because you are the deputy's son doesn't mean you can sleep in! I told you to wake up ages ago! Battle training! **Now**!" Thrushpaw smiled a little as she heard the young warrior scold Thornpaw. Finally, Thornpaw made an appearance, emerging from the shade, and they left camp for the mossy lagoon.

"Ok, so today Thrushpaw, you're going to help Thornpaw pick up tips for tricking enemies." Jaggedtooth meowed. Thrushpaw nodded with a swish of her tail. "Ok, so here is the first one. Thrushpaw, leap on me."

Obeying, Thrushpaw leaped on top of her mentor. Soon, he fell, collapsing under her weight. She swelled with pride, but soon was

suddenly being lurched to the side. Jaggedtooth was rolling over, squishing her. She tried to leap away, but was trapped, being pushed into the ground.

"Ow!" Thrushpaw gasped, looking back at her leg, wedged awkwardly under Jaggedtooth. He quickly got up, noticing that Thrushpaw was hurt.

"Let's get you back to camp so Brightherb can look at your leg. Thornpaw, why don't you and Dustylight start training?"Jaggedtooth suggested, nosing Thrushpaw gently to her feet.

"No," Thornpaw dismissed the suggestion with a flick of his tail and hurried over to let her lean against him, causing Thrushpaw to blush lightly.

Why was Thornpaw being nice to her for once? Where was the gloat that she was injured fighting her peaceful clanmates with good intentions for her?

Walking slowly, they led her back to camp. Thrushpawh tried to distract herself from the pain shooting through her hind leg. She found that by studying Thornpaw out of the corner of her eyes. The dark gray tom's hazel eyes were searching back and forth for camp. Did he actually care about getting her back to camp?

No. She refused to believe it. She drew in a deep breath as she looked forward again.

Come on, this is the arrogant pest who slept in carelessly. This is the apprentice who as a kit, grew arrogant because he won a play battle when Thrushpaw went easy on him.

The kit. He had been so neglected. Thornkit had never won a play battle against Thrushkit or his cousin Oakkit. But at least he was kind, caring, and sweet.

Thornkit challenged Thrushkit to a battle, who had felt especially kind that day. She decided to let him win, leading the naive kit to believe he had beaten a kit bigger, stronger, and smarter then him.

Perhaps she would be able to talk to Oakpaw about this all later. After all, her friend *was* Thornpaw's cousin.

The 8-moon-old apprentice would be able to explain. Thornpaw turned as Jaggedtooth dismissed him.

"Go eat or something," Jaggedtooth mewed to his son. Thrushpaw's mentor then led her to the medicine cat's den. As she padded through camp, she spotted Oakpaw.

"I need to talk to you," she mouthed.

"Soon," Oakpaw nodded. The brown tom, now that Thrushpaw thought about it, looked nothing like his cousin. Who even were his parents? Thrushpaw never asked, she probably would be scolded.

She always assumed they died shortly before she was born. Suddenly, Thrushpaw realized she was lying on her nest. Brightherb was shuffling, prodding her here and there, and frowning.

Suddenly, she turned to Jaggedtooth, but realized he had left. Thrushpaw frowned. She was alone now, with nothing but her shadow as company.

Suddenly, a shadow was above her and Thrushpaw looked up, smiling. Greeneye was there.

"Hi Mom," Thrushpaw greeted.

"How'd you get hurt," Greeneye narrowed her green eyes.

"Training," Thrushpaw shrugged.

"Typical. Thrushpaw, you're always so... Reckless," Greeneye growled.

"Reckless? What about Lionpaw?"

"Your brother is *brave*, you are *stupid*, so don't go blaming *my* perfect son," Greeneye growled again.

Thrushpaw narrowed her eyes as Oakpaw entered the medicine

cat's den.

"Goodbye *Greeneye*, it's been a *pleasure*," Thrushpaw's words dripped with sarcasm. Oakpaw looked at her questioningly, but Thrushpaw just shook her head a little. Greeneye growled and left.

Chapter 2; Thornpaw

Thornpaw sat next to his friend, Lionpaw. "I have a problem!" Thornpaw complained, flicking his furry pure gray tail.

"And what's that?" Lionpaw asked, grooming his golden like fur.

"Deputies shouldn't have mates. That would distract them." Thornpaw frowned.

"And why is that a problem?" Thrushpaw's brother mumbled.

"I- I think I like Thrushpaw." Thornpaw stammered quietly.

"Wow! Really?" Lionpaw quietly whispered back. "The chances of my sister liking you back are slim, you know."

"I know, and call me crazy but it makes me like her more," Thornpaw muttered. "Wow, my cunning mind and father's rank actually won't help me out of this one..."

"And that's why she doesn't like you." Lionpaw pointed out.

Soon, Brightherb padded over to Jaggedtooth. She leaned over and muttered something to which he nodded somberly in response to. Thornpaw hurried over, watching them expectantly. Brightherb cleared her throat. "Thrushpaw can't train for several days. She sprained her paw."

Chapter 3; Thrushpaw

Thrushpaw flicked her tail in boredom. She watched a butterfly flitter nearby. She sighed as Thornpaw entered. "If you're here to brag about being such a great fighter that you didn't get hurt training, then I don't want to hear it." Thrushpaw growled.

Thornpaw sighed. "That's not why I'm here. I wanted to bring you this blackbird." Thornpaw tossed a fat blackbird and it landed in front of her.

"T-thanks?" Thrushpaw stammered awkwardly. "Probably was told to bring it to me by Jaggedtooth or Dustylight." She added under her breath.

She watched Thornpaw leave and inspected the blackbird. It was... fresh. Like he just caught it. He was probably forced to hunt it. Pushing those thoughts aside, she ate the blackbird, savoring each bite.

Chapter 4; Thornpaw

Thornpaw sighed as he left. He could tell she didn't believe he did that by choice. He would have to work harder. Maybe he could bring her some water. Just as he thought of that, Dustylight beckoned him over with her tail. He padded over. "Yes?" Thornpaw asked.

"Today is a hunting training assessment. Obviously this is for training, not for becoming a warrior." Dustylight mewed. After she said that, he truly realized that his crush on Thrushpaw had changed him. Any day before now, he would be expecting them to think he had the abilities of a full grown warrior despite his young age and was going to become a warrior. Now, he was appalled at the thought of being made a warrior freakishly early.

"So how much prey do I need to catch?" Thornpaw asked. It was just beginning to be green-leaf.

Dustylight thought for a moment. "I'd say... 4 or more pieces of prey." Thornpaw nodded and stalked out of camp. Breathing in, he noticed a vole under a bramble bush. He snuck towards it silently. He pounced, and killed it quickly. Burying it, he moved on. Under the Great Climbing Tree, he killed a mouse. Then, he missed a thrush, being distracted, and then caught a blackbird. He got a robin and on the way back, he also caught another vole. He took his catches to Dustylight. "Great job!" Dustylight exclaimed enthusiastically. "You can go eat and rest!" Thornpaw sat next to Lionpaw.

"Tomorrow, Thrushpaw will be training again," Thornpaw sighed happily.

Chapter 5; Thrushpaw

When Thrushpaw woke up in the medicine cat's den, her mind was still on Thornpaw. She wasn't convinced he was forced to hunt for her. She dismissed the thought as Brightherb flexed Thrushpaw's paw. "You're good," Brightherb nodded. Just in time, too!

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the gathering hill for a clan meeting!" Graystar yowled. Thrushpaw rushed outside. "Tonight, as I'm sure you all know, is the Gathering. Sunblaze, Shortear, Treepelt, Moonheart, Thornpaw, Lionpaw, and Thrushpaw are going. Obviously I don't need to say Jaggedtooth and Brightherb is also going. I also was talking to Dustylight and she requested that Thornpaw gets a more- er- experienced mentor. So, Sunblaze, you will be Thornpaw's new mentor." Graystar leaped down to the ground.

That night, Thrushpaw looked around for her friend, Creekpaw. She saw her and hurried over. "Hi Creekpaw!" Thrushpaw exclaimed.

"Hi! How has the annoying kit becoming an apprentice gone?" Creekpaw asked.

"Oh gee I honestly don't know anymore!" Thrushpaw moaned.

-=-=- Several moons later -=-=-

Thrushpaw padded over to Jaggedtooth. "Are you ready for your fighting assessment?" Thrushpaw's mentor asked. Yesterday, Thrushpaw had taken the hunting assessment, and passed.

"Yeah, who will I be fighting?" Thrushpaw asked.

"Thornpaw," Jaggedtooth replied. Soon, Thornpaw and Sunblaze come over. "Let's go!"

Chapter 6; Thornpaw

Thornpaw heard what he was going to be doing in dismay. Fighting Thrushpaw!? Well, he could throw it off. Everyone walked to the mossy lagoon, where Thrushpaw sprained her paw so long ago. He wondered what Thrushpaw's tactic was. Hopefully he could pull this off. He stood to the side anxiously. "You guys ready?" Jaggedtooth asks. "Fight!" Thrushpaw pounced at him and they rolled on the ground. Thornpaw pinned her down. She collapsed.
'Did I just-' he thought. 'Nope!' She rolled over and Thornpaw found himself pinned down.

"I surrender!" Thornpaw gasped. Not long later, Graystar stood on the gathering hill.

-=-=- after the meeting-=-=-

"Thrushwing! Thrushwing! Thrushwing!" Sunclan yowled.

Thornpaw hurried over to Thrushwing. "Thrushwing!" he gasped. "I-I need to talk to you. Can we go to the Mossy Lagoon?"

Thrushwing hesitated. "Ok."

They ran towards the Mossy Lagoon. "Ok, Thrushwing? I-I have a crush on you." Thornpaw looked down shyly. "Ever since you sprained your foot."

Thrushwing stared at Thornpaw blankly. "Really?" Thrushwing asked blankly. Thornpaw nodded. 'She doesn't believe me...' he thought. Thrushwing shook her head. "I-I think your self-centered, and I don't believe you for a second."

Thornpaw growled at her. "If you don't believe me, than your just a mouse-brain!" He snarls. 'Wait... maybe I am self-centered. Especially for what I said...' Thornpaw looked away, knowing Thrushwing's face had hatred and anger on it. "I'm-I'm sorry. I am a self-centered fox-heart!" Thornpaw ran back to camp alone, looking

down the entire time. He ran to his nest and lied down, falling asleep.

Chapter 7; Thrushwing

Thrushwing growled all the way back to camp. She couldn't believe Thornpaw! He acted like he was a kit! Honestly, what is wrong with that tom? Thrushwing sat down, ready for her vigil. As she watched the camp, she thought of what Thornpaw said with anger. Suddenly, she heard rustling. Tensing, she watched. Wait, it was just Littlekit using the dirt place. She relaxed.

-=-=-at dawn-=-=-

Jaggedtooth padded over to Thrushwing. "You can sleep in the nest on the outside with no scent on it," he mewed. Thrushwing nodded and padded over. She lied down and fell asleep.

-=-=-after waking up-=-=-

Thrushwing, refilled with energy, leaped up and found Jaggedtooth. "Any patrols for me to go on?" Thrushwing asked.

Jaggedtooth nodded. "In fact, yes, there is a patrol you can join. Sunblaze requested for you to join! Something about his apprentice wanting a 'fresh mind' to give him advice. Dustylight will be joining, also."

Thrushwing nodded, pretending to not care about the patrol, but inside, she groaned. She padded over to the patrol. "Let's go," Sunblaze led the group to the trickling creek. After doing some hunting, the group returned. Thrushwing had 4 pieces of prey, Sunblaze had 3, as did Dustylight, and Thornpaw, who seemed distracted, caught 2 pieces of prey.

-=-=-at a gathering-=-=-

"Hey Thrushpaw!" Creekpaw exclaimed.

"Excuse me, but it's Thrushwing now!" Thrushwing joked. "Have you got your warrior name yet?"

"Oh! I'm Creekheart now!" Creekheart smiled. "And how is a certain pest doing?"

"Oh, horribly! Today he caught 2 pieces of prey! And he dreams of being the youngest warrior!" Thrushwing snorted. "He even claimed he had a crush on me!"

"I don't know... I sorta think he really does have a crush on you," Creekheart mewed. Before Thrushwing could reply, the gathering started.

-=-=-one moon later-=-=-

"Thornclaw! Thornclaw! Thornclaw!" Sunclan yowled. Thrushwing padded to her nest and lied down, drifting to sleep.

Thrushwing snapped her eyes open. There was the sound of paws. She looked out at the moonlight clearing. Thornclaw was bristling. Suddenly, cats filed in. "INVASION!!" Thornclaw yowled. Thrushwing came out and attacked the first cat she could find. Soon, she was cornered. The few cats started closing in on her. This was it. She growled, but it was pointless. Until, could it be? Thornclaw leaped over, swiping cat after cat away. Thrushwing hesitated, but then helped him fight. Was this the beginning of love?

Chapter 8; Thornclaw

Thornclaw started matching Thrushwing's swipes, driving back the attackers. "Retreat!" Birchstar yowled.

Thornclaw, satisfied, watched cats streaming out. "Cowards!" he muttered. Suddenly, everyone looked into the center of camp. The deputy was on the ground, dead. Thornclaw's own father. "J-jaggedtooth!" he cried out. "No!" He weaved his way through the crowd, tears falling from his eyes. "W-why?" When the tom reached his father, he buried his nose in Jaggedtooth's fur. Thrushwing pulled up next to him.

"He was the best mentor any cat could have," she mewed sadly. "I will miss him. "

"It's different for you! He was just a mentor! Stop pretending top be sad! It's not working!" Thornclaw exclaimed. The fellow warrior stepped back, stunned.

"W- why would you say that? I really am sad!" Thrushwing turned, tears swarming up in her already tear- filled eyes. "I thought you had changed from that arrogant apprentice, but clearly I was wrong."

Lionpaw, who was just a little younger then Thornclaw, padded up. He shook his head, sighing. "You really messed that up," he looked over to where Oakpelt was talking to Thrushwing, obviously comforting her. "I'm going. I don't want to hang out with you. You're being mean."

Thornclaw watched his best friend walk away. "You fox-heart! You're supposed to be my friend! You're just jealous!" When Thornclaw said jealous, Lionpaw spun around.

"Jealous?" he scoffed. "Jealous of what? Of hurting everyone around you? No, I'm not jealous."

Thornclaw stepped back, stunned and angry. "What? Obviously, you like a cat who likes me. So you think that by offending me or belittling me will make you look more appealing!"

Chapter 9; Thrushwing

"Obviously you like some cat and think that by belittling me will make you look more impressive!" Thornclaw yelled. Thrushwing growled, annoyed.

"He thinks he is the most important cat in the entire clan. Well, nobody seems to get very close to him." Thrushwing twitched. Graystar stood on top of gathering hill.

"Sunclan fought well, but, sadly, we lost our amazing deputy. So, on to our new deputy. This cat is a fairly new warrior, and hasn't had an apprentice yet, though they will after I name them. They were close to Jaggedtooth and really cared about him." Out of the corner of her eye, Thrushwing noticed Thornclaw quickly grooming his pelt. Ha! As if he would be made deputy! It would probably be Oakpelt. His father, Jaggedtooth's brother, died a moon before he was born. His mother died a moon after he was born. Jaggedtooth and his mate adopted Oakpelt a moon before Thornclaw was born. That happened around the same tine Thrushwing was born. "Our new deputy is... Thrushwing!" Graystar exclaimed. Thrushwing looked around, shocked.

-=-=-after the meeting-=-=-

As dawn broke, Thrushwing smiled at her new apprentice, Littlepaw. Oakpelt was given Harepaw and Thornclaw got Yellowpaw. Thrushwing thought for a moment. "You can wait until sunhigh to start training, right? A tired mentor is no fun!" Thrushwing joked. Littlepaw laughed a little and nodded, talking with Harepaw, who was also waiting until sunhigh. Thornclaw unwittingly decided to take a slightly tired but nonetheless excited Yellowpaw out to practice fighting techniques, shooting Thrushwing a glare. Thrushwing quickly sorted small patrols amongst the warriors who had gotten better sleep. Finally, Oakpelt and Thrushwing tiredly flopped into their nests, falling asleep.

-=-=-about sunhigh-ish-=-=-

Thrushwing woke up, blinking the sleep from her eyes. Light filtered in, streaming in beautiful patterns. She noticed it wasn't sunhigh quite yet, so she snatched a blackbird and ate it, lying in the sun. After she finished, her purple eyes traced the clearing for her apprentice. There's Littlepaw! Thrushwing stood up and padded over. "Are you ready to see the territory?" Thrushwing asked her eager apprentice.

"You bet!" Littlepaw happily exclaimed. Harepaw, Oakpelt, and, too Thrushwing's surprise, Yellowpaw and Thornclaw, padded over.

"Thornclaw, you really shouldn't take Yellowpaw out again. Look at how tired he is!" Thrushwing exclaimed. Yellowpaw's eyes were half closed and he was slowly trailing behind Thornclaw.

"I will take my apprentice out when I like so that he will build up stamina! You never know when you will need to go patrol the borders after a battle!" Thornclaw huffed.

"Fine, whatever, but for Starclan's sake, don't go with us! Your attitude will rub off on our apprentices!" Thrushwing replied sharply.

"But I want to have fun with my sisters!" Yellowpaw complained. "I've been working hard since dawn!"

"You know what, Thornclaw? You stay in camp. We'll take care of your apprentice!" Thrushwing snapped, leading the apprentices out of camp, Oakpelt in the back.

Chapter 10; Thornclaw

Thornclaw couldn't believe it. First, he drove away his crush, then his friend, his dad died, he didn't become deputy, Thrushwing hates him, his apprentice is a wimp, and now he is being told he doesn't know how to train an apprentice? Oh yeah, and his cousin betrayed him. Oakpelt knew that Thornclaw liked Thrushwing! Until he was 3 moons old, he admired Thrushwing. Then, she went easy on him and he won a battle against her, and he became an arrogant jerk. Guess now he is back to his old arrogant self again. He let out a sigh. All he could do was accept defeat. He walked to the warriors den and sank into his nest. His eyes closed, but instead of darkness, light surrounded him. He was in a starry forest. *Starclan!* He thought. Soon, two familiar pelts appeared. "J-jaggedtooth? M-moonshine?" Thornclaw gasped, gaping at his parents.

Jaggedtooth purred, amused. "Yes, it's us. You need to let go your bitterness. Thrushwing doesn't hate you yet, but she will let go of her feelings for you if you don't become nicer. And yes, she *does* have a crush on you." Jaggedtooth answered his son's unasked question. Thornclaw nodded.

"I will, I will prove I can, for you guys, and for Thrushwing." Thornclaw promised. Moonshine smiled.

"We love you," she whispered. Everything started to fade around Thornclaw.

Thornclaw opened his eyes, just when Thrushwing lead the apprentices and Oakpelt back into camp. He stood up and hurried over.

A/N

Hey guys! I know I don't usually add an author's note at the end of my chapter, but I am going to have a contest! I want a better cover, so I was hoping that some people may be able to enter a cover! The winner gets:

Their cover as the cover on my book
Credit for the cover in the description
They get to make a character that can be Thrushwing's kit eventually

So yeah. I'll let you guys know if I get any entries. Deadline is Monday, the 13, of July.

Chapter 11; Thrushwing

Thrushwing brushed past the fern entrance and saw Thornclaw padding over. "Thrushwing, I'm really sorry for earlier," Thornclaw apologized.

"It's okay, I guess..." Thrushwing shrugged. The border patrol returned back to camp.

"Uh, Thrushwing?" Yellowheart, the leader of the patrol, muttered in her ear. "Moorclan scent was over our border. Just a few pawsteps, but we thought you should know."

Thrushwing nodded. "Thank you," she nodded, hurrying to the leader's den. "Graystar!" Thrushwing exclaimed. "Yellowheart's patrol found Moorclan scent on our side of the border!"

"Are you suggesting we attack?" Graystar asked.

"No, warn them at the Gathering tomorrow," Thrushwing mewed. Graystar nodded.

-=-=-at the gathering-=-=-

Thrushwing waited patiently behind Graystar before streaming into the gathering's clearing. She saw Creekheart. "Hey! I can't talk now, you'll find out why soon," Thrushwing mewed quickly, sitting down under the gathering hill. Graystar stepped forward.

"Sunclan has been through a lot this moon!" he started. "Jaggedtooth has died, and Thrushwing is the new deputy!"

"Thrushwing! Thrushwing! Thrushwing!" The cats called.

"Also, we have a new warrior, Thornclaw!"

"Thornclaw! Thornclaw! Thornclaw!"

"Also, we would like Moorclan and Treeclan to know we won't

tolerate our borders being crossed," Graystar turned his attention to Birchstar. "Especially when they murder our deputy."

Birchstar glared at Graystar as the stone-colored tom sat down, wrapping his tail around his paws. The brown leader stood up. "Treeclan lost a warrior, Bluetail, after being viciously att-" Birchstar was broken off with the other three leader's glares. He sighed. "After invading Sunclan for no reason." Moorclan and Stoneclan gasped, glaring at Treeclan. "Treeclan has nothing else to report." Birchstar sat down, and Goldenstar stood up.

"Flowerbloom has had 3 kits, and Jaykit has become Jaypaw!" the golden she-cat reported.

"Jaypaw! Jaypaw! Jaypaw!"

Goldenstar sat down and Rabbitheart stood up. "Rogues invaded, but we drove them off. Sadly, we lost Smallstar in the process. Sunclan, we apologize for crossing the border, a new apprentice has been taking care of the elders lately. Speaking of which, Crystalkit has become Crystalpaw, and Hoppaw and Finchpaw has become Hopear and Finchsong. Gathering ended." Rabbitstar leaped down after the cheers ended. Thrushwing padded over to Creekheart.

"Congratulations on becoming deputy! Also, I want to tell you something," Creekheart added after Thrushwing murmured her thanks. "Even Goldenstar doesn't know yet. I am expecting kits!"

Chapter 12; Thornclaw

Thornclaw followed the clan back to camp, catching up to Thrushwing. "Thrushwing, do- do you like me?" Thornclaw asked uncertainly.

Thrushwing sighed and nodded slightly. "It's pathetic, but actually I liked you since we were kits. But... when I was 4 moons old, I felt bad, you always trying to impress me and Oakpelt, so I went easy one you. You changed after that. You went from a fun, playful denmate to an annoying little pest. I told myself I didn't like you after that, but part of me remembered the old you, and I still liked you. I remembered you weren't always arrogant..." Thrushwing admitted.

"I don't think I'm the best anymore. D-do you believe me?" Thornclaw asked. Thrushwing nodded. "D-do you think we could be mates?"

"Yes. I-if you want to that is..." Thrushwing blushed lightly.

"Of course I do! I want to yowl it to all the clans from atop of the gathering hill! Thrushwing is my mate!" Thornclaw exclaimed.

Thrushwing chuckled. "You don't need to be so loud," she joked, shouldering him gently.

Thornclaw stopped, his gaze growing serious. "I just want to know... what was going on between you and Oakpelt?"

Thrushwing smiled. "Your right, we ought to thank him, he kept reminding me of times when you weren't an annoying furball. He got me to keep liking you."

Thornclaw stopped. "Really? I thought Oakpelt was on the verge of becoming mates!" Thrushwing shook her head playfully.

"Come on, let's get back to camp." Thrushwing smiled. The two

mates twined their tails together, purrs rumbling from them. When they arrived in camp, Thrushwing and Thornclaw approached Oakpelt. "Thank you, Oakpelt, because of you, Thornclaw is my mate!" Oakpelt nodded and smiled a little.

"You should go get some sleep, I'll be right there." Thornclaw told Thrushwing, who nodded and padded away.

"You like her, don't you?" Thornclaw asked Oakpelt. He nodded.

"But I could tell she liked you more. That's what love is, isn't it? Putting the other in front of yourself?" Oakpelt mewed. Thornclaw got sudden flashes. His mother, dying to protect him. His mentor helping Thornclaw out in battle. Leaping recklessly into battle to protect Thrushwing. He nodded.

"You're right. That is what it means. I'm sure you'll find another cat, and they'll see how lucky they are," Thornclaw mewed. He padded into the warriors' den and moved his nest closer to Thrushwing and curled up next to her. He fell into a calm, deep sleep.

Yet another A/N

The contest ended and I haven't received any entries, so I am going to wait for people to actually comment before I do another contest...

Chapter 13; Thrushwing

Thrushwing opened her eyes, sunlight streaming through gently. She blinked her eyes to wake herself up. Upon glancing next to her, she saw Thornclaw was just waking up himself. Thrushwing stood up and padded outside to sort out patrols. Then she took Littlepaw out on a patrol, Thornclaw and Yellowpaw tagging along. As they walked along the border, they heard a feeble cry for help. Thrushwing pricked her ears, noticing the cry.

"Someone is in trouble! We gotta help them!" Thrushwing exclaimed, hurrying towards the distressed sound. Soon she broke into a clearing where a gray tabby she-cat laid. She looked similar to Thrushwing and was bleeding.

"P-please! Don't hurt me! I was- was l-looking for S-sunclan, like my father always talked about. I-i wa-was attacked b-by Sto- by Stoneclan!" the quivering she-cat stuttered.

"It's okay," Thrushwing promised soothingly as she helped the bleeding she-cat up. "We'll help you. Come, I'll take to the medicine cat."

Thornclaw, Littlepaw, and Yellowpaw appeared, helping Thrushwing. They carried the hurt she-cat to Brightherb, the medicine cat.

-=-=-a few days later-=-=-

Thrushwing sat next to Silver, who was soon going to become a full fledged warrior. "So, how did you know about Sunclan?" Thrushwing asked her friend.

"Well, my father was a rogue. His mate was a member of this clan. My father, he wanted one of his two daughters. So, though I don't remember much of my life in a clan, I remember the name, and my mother's name. Cloudyheart."

"W-wait. *My* mother's name is Cloudyheart!" Thrushwing exclaimed.

"So... We're sisters?" Silver asked.

Before Thrushwing had a chance to reply, Graystar announced the beginning of a meeting. "Silver, do you promise to protect Sunclan and the warrior code, even at the cost of your own life?"

"I do," Silver announced surely.

"Then, from this day forth, your name will be Silverfeather."

"Silverfeather! Silverfeather! Silverfeather!" Sunclan cheered. Thrushwing padded over to Silverfeather.

"Congratulations!" Thrushwing purred. To her surprise, the next cat to talk to her was Oakpelt. Thrushwing looked at Thornclaw and they smiled. There was definitely something between the two cats. Thrushwing twitched her ear and started to head to the exit of camp, Littlepaw trailing behind. As she lead her young apprentice to the mossy lagoon, she remembered when she twisted her paw. She sadly smiled, knowing she wouldn't be able to joke around about it to Jaggedtooth anymore. He was gone.

After some battle training, Thrushwing and Littlepaw headed back to camp. She picked up a blackbird and carried it over to Thornclaw. The two sat down next to each other.

A/N

I'm editing the story, and I've already done chapter one! I will still be writing real chapters and just to let you guys know: I am going to write at least 10 more chapters before this story is finished. Bye~

Chapter 14; Thornclaw

Thornclaw sat contentedly next to Thrushwing, eating the blackbird and glancing over at his cousin and Silverfeather. "There may be some new kits in the clan soon," he mewed, not knowing if he was referring to Oakpelt and Silverfeather or himself and Thrushwing. Thrushwing nodded and stood up.

"I'll be right back, I need to speak with Graystar," Thrushwing apologized.

As Thornclaw watched his mate disappear, he heard Brightherb run. She quickly emerged from the medicine cat's den, gasping for breath. "Treeclan! Th-they'll destroy our clan!" Brightherb exclaimed.

Cats started to freak out. Dustylight ran to Graystar's den. After a few moments, Graystar emerged, as did Dustylight and Thrushwing. "Let all cats who can catch their own prey gather beneath the gathering hill! Brightherb, as I'm sure you all heard, has received a prophecy. Treeclan is a threat!"

As Graystar spoke, cats started speaking, each trying to be louder then the other.

"We have to attack!" One cat yowled.

"But what about the kits?" Silverwing fretted, looking at Oakpelt.

"What future will the kits have if we don't protect them now?" Dustylight countered.

"We aren't ready to prepare for a huge battle like that! It could lead to war!" Oakpelt exclaimed.

"Silence!" Graystar yowled. The cat voices died down. "We will have a vote. Cats who want to fight, on the side of the camp by the entrance! The cats who don't, next to the medicine cat's den!"

Cats looked around and murmured among themselves. Thornclaw looked at Thrushwing as Silverwing hurried to the medicine cat's den. Oakpelt followed close behind. As the realization that his cousin's mate was expecting kits hit him, he found himself questioning his first decision of fighting. But after studying Thrushwing's expression, he decided. They had to fight! They had absolutely no other choice. Walking with Thrushwing, who gave a tiny nod to Graystar, Thornclaw went towards the entrance. He was surprised to see that, along with most of the clan, Brightherb sat by the entrance, calmly grooming herself.

"That decides it! We will fight. All cats, regardless of what they voted, must prepare. This is excluding elders, queens, and kits. Also, I have some sad news. Thrushwing has decided she should step down from being deputy. Oakpelt is the new deputy!" Graystar exclaimed.

"Oakpelt! Oakpelt! Oakpelt!" the clan chanted.

The clan split up, going to work. Several patrols were sent out to hunt as the remaining cats headed to the mossy lagoon, Thornclaw among them. He padded to the place where he fell in love, Thrushwing next to him. When they arrived, everyone split into two groups. Dustylight stood between the two groups.

"Each group must fight to get a stick from the other side. Now, strategize and hide the sticks!" Dustylight declared. Thornclaw and Thrushwing gathered with their group.

"I have an idea!" Thornclaw hissed. "Big warriors protect the border while an apprentice hides the stick. When the match starts, a few cats guard the border while the others split into two groups, one protecting the stick, and one pretending to protect it." After quietly announcing his plan, his teammates were silent.

"I say we go for it," Thrushwing mewed supportively. Thornclaw smiled and the rest of the group agreed. The warriors stood tall, scoping the other territory while Yellowpaw hid the stick with Littlepaw. Once they came back, the group protected two different places, leaving only Thrushwing and Thornclaw to get the other team's stick.

"Ready? Go!" Dustylight exclaimed. Thrushwing and Thornclaw darted forward, scouring the territory.

Just as Thornclaw spotted the stick, Sunpelt stepped in front of him. "You can't pass!" he growled in a friendly manner.

"Oh, I may not be passing but someone else is," Thornclaw smirked. Sunpelt cocked his head, obviously confused. By the time he realized what was happening, Thrushwing was brushing past, the stick in her mouth. She crossed the border.

"Victory to Thornclaw's team!" Dustylight exclaimed. Thornclaw and his team gathered around, cheering happily.

The warriors went back to camp, nodding as they approached Oakpelt. "Can you guys split into pairs and hunt?" he asked. Everyone nodded and left, Thornclaw and Thrushwing together. They went out into the forest before stopping, breathing in the scents of prey. Thrushwing twitched her ears to a squirrel and they nodded, stalking on opposite sides. Thornclaw stepped on a stick and the squirrel ran right into Thrushwing's claws, who buried it. They continued to hunt.

=-=-=after hunting=-=-=

Thrushwing and Thornclaw walked back to camp, carrying three mice, a squirrel, and a robin. After arriving in camp, they put they prey on the giant pile. Each taking a mouse, they ate side by side before going to sleep.

A/N

Yay for longer chapter! Hope you liked it! Sorry it took so long, my updating may be delayed a little now.

Chapter 15; Thrushwing

Thrushwing opened her eyes, early dawn light shining in her eyes. She stood up and stretched, knowing it was time to fight Treeclan. She quickly picked up a vole and padded over to Thornclaw. Eating it together, they waited for the patrol to be announced. Graystar leaped up onto Gathering Hill.

"Dustylight, Sunpelt, Oakpelt, Thornclaw, Thrushwing, Yellowpaw, Littlepaw, Harepaw, Goldenclaw, Ferntail, Jumppaw, Waterheart, Heatflane, Dropstone, and Bluefur, you will be the first patrol. Tornpelt, Raggedheart, Rainpaw, Silentfoot, Deadear, Deerleap, Misttail, Hopepaw, and Silverfeather will go with me." Graystar barely said this when Brightherb stepped forward.

"Silverfeather can't go!" Brightherb yowled.

"And why is that?" the leader asked.

"She's expecting kits!" she yowled. Gasps spread through the crowd, though it quickly subdued. They had a battle to fight! Graystar nodded.

"Then everyone else, let's go!" he announced as everyone streamed out of camp. They hurried to Treeclan camp, rushing inside.

"Sunclan, attack!" Graystar exclaimed.

Thrushwing ran into the camp, adrenaline coursing through her. She leaped into battle, swiping cat after cat. She reached the Nursery, and queens growled. "Peace," Thrushwing whispered, crawling off to attack a warrior. Soon, she saw Dustylight being attacked by two warriors, both bigger and stronger. She saw one go for the killing bite. "No!" Thrushwing yowled, rushing forward, but she knew she was to late. The warrior bite down hard, and Dustylight fell down. "Y-you foxhearts!" she screeched.

Thrushwing hurried forward, slamming herself into one of the

warriors, who inhaled, shocked. She clawed at his ears and scratched his white chest. He yowled and backed away. Thrushwing turned to the other warrior, twitching slightly as she growled. She leaped onto his back and held on. He started to shake her off, but failed. Soon, Thrushwing started to lurch to the side. Remembering the pain of a twisted leg, she leaped out of the way. When she landed, Thrushwing pinned the lying down warrior. "Do you surrender?" she spat.

"Y-yes," he stuttered before running to the warrior's den. She was about to attack again, when she heard Thornclaw.

"Graystar! He- he is dead!" Thornclaw cried out. The battle froze.

"Sunclan! Retreat!" Oakpelt called out.

"No," Birchstar growled. "If you want to retreat, you must leave one warrior here as prisoner."

"B-but we lost two cats! You lost none!" Oakpelt exclaimed.

"I'll stay," Thornclaw volunteered.

"Thornclaw! No!" Thrushwing exclaimed, rushing to him. "Please," she whimpered.

"I have to." Thornclaw whispered, stepping forward. With heavy hearts, they carried Dustylight and Graystar out of Treeclan's camp. Thrushwing followed her clanmates, head down. If only Brightherb hadn't pressured the clan to attack! Graystar and Dustylight wouldn't be dead and Thornclaw would still be in Sunclan! The medicine cat didn't even fight! She calmly sent two important cats to their death!

"So?" Brightherb mewed calmly. Thrushwing, along with a few other warriors, glared at her. "What?"

The patrol parted, revealing Graystar and Dustylight draped over a few warriors. "Their dead," Thrushwing spat. "A-and Thornclaw. He was taken prisoner! Because of you!"

Brightherb took a step back. "This was a mistake!" Lightglare

exclaimed, stepping closer to her dead siblings.

"I-I was just interpreting the prophecy!" Brightherb yell.

"That we never heard," Thrushwing scoff.

"F-fine. I lied." Brightherb admitted.

A/N

I wont be able to respond to comments until September 1st, but I'll still try to update. Sorry for slow updates!

Chapter 16; Thornclaw

Thornclaw sighed as he sat down in the middle of Treeclan, hanging his head. Suddenly, he felt tiny paws on his tail. "Wha?" Thornclaw turned. He saw a little kit on his tail gleefully. "I don't think you should be here, you may get in trouble."

"Oh, I'm fine. I'm Lionkit, what's your name?" the young kit squeaked.

"Th-thornclaw. I really don't think you should talk to me, I'm a prisoner." Thornclaw advised.

"Well, what did you do?" Lionkit asked.

"My clan attacked your clan because our medicine cat said you were going to destroy us." Thornclaw admitted.

"What? We wouldn't *destroy* you! Your medicine cat is insane!" Lionkit scoffed.

"From the outcome of this battle, I would agree," Thornclaw sighed. He just wanted to be with Thrushwing.

"What's wrong?" Lionkit asked, putting his small paw on Thornclaw's nose.

"W-well you see, my cousin is about to become leader, and my mate's sister is about to have kits, and I just miss my mate and my clan a lot," Thornclaw mewed sadly.

"We have to get you outta here!" Lionkit whispered. "Berrykit! Volekit! Goldkit! Come here!"

Three kits came barreling over. "What now, Lionkit?" asked an exasperated kit.

"It's this cat, Berrykit! He needs yo go home! He has a mate and his cousin is becoming a leader, that isn't everyday stuff!" Lionkit

explained.

"Okay, but what are we supposed to do?" a kit with hazel eyes with gold flecks asked as Berrykit rolled her eyes.

"We need to help him escape, Goldkit!" Lionkit meowed.

"B-but Littleheart said not to talk to him!" the smallest kit cowered back.

"He's harmless, guys! He may even have kits if we help!" Lionkit begged.

"Fine," Goldkit agreed.

"Whatever," Berrykit said indifferently.

"Ravenkit?" Lionkit asked.

"F-f-fine." Ravenkit stammered.

Lionkit smiled triumphantly. "Alright, we should-" before he could finish, he was cut off.

"Lionkit! Goldkit! Ravenkit! Berrykit! Come over here!" Thornclaw guessed Littleheart yowled. As the kits scurried off, Thornclaw lied down in defeat. He drifted off to sleep.

As Thornclaw opened his eyes, he saw a starry forest. "Wh-what?" Suddenly he bolted up. "Moonshine! Jaggedtooth!" His parents smiled at him.

"Listen, you need to return to Sunclan. Brightherb isn't fit to be a medicine cat anymore, she isn't realizing important things soon enough. Thrushwing needs to go to the nursery," Moonshine mewed gently.

"But, why? She isn't expecting kits!" Thornclaw asked.

"Thornclaw, son. Your going to be a father," Jaggedtooth told his son.

"What?" Thornclaw began to panic as his parents faded away. "No! Wait! Don't leave!" He woke up, light flooding into his eyes. He started to panic. "I need to go! Thrushwing needs me!"

Chapter 17; Thrushwing

Thrushwing sat down next to Silverwing with a vole. She took a bite, but instead of deciding it was delicious, it felt dry and tasteless. She finished quickly and began to pace. They had to get Thornclaw back! But they were low enough on warriors as it was. What they needed was another clan's help.

Oakstar, who became a leader last night, stood up on gathering hill. As all the clan gathered, he yowled out to anyone who didn't notice he was there. "Tonight is the gathering! I will take Sunpelt, Yellowpaw, Littlepaw, Harepaw, Lightglare, and Thrushwing."

"Why such a small patrol?" a cat called out.

"Treeclan may attack us," Oakstar sighed. "Also, our new deputy will be Sunpelt."

"Sunpelt! Sunpelt! Sunpelt!" Thrushwing called out half-heartedly, joining her clanmates. She went to take a nap before the gathering. As she fell asleep, she realized she was in a starry forest. She walked around a little before hearing Thornclaw's voice. She was running towards him, but realized soon he was with his parents. He wasn't dead, right? No, he didn't have any stars in his pelt. Thrushwing relaxed.

"Thornclaw, son. Your going to be a father," Jaggedtooth said.

Thrushwing gasped as Thornclaw disappeared. Jaggedtooth beckoned her over, looking right at his former apprentice.

"It's true," Jaggedtooth nodded as she came out of the bushes. "You're expecting kits. It will take a few days for Brightherb to realize it, because it would've taken a moon or two, but we have had to help her. She didn't realize Silverfeather was expecting until the day before it was announced. She should've known almost half a moon prior." As they started to fade, Thrushwing let it sink in. She was going to be a mother.

She padded outside and saw the cats chosen for the gathering right next to the entrance. They hurriedly left. As they entered the gathering, Thrushwing immediately sought out Creekheart. She saw the young cat and hurried over. "Creekheart, I need your help."

Creekheart looked at her, alarmed. "What's wrong?"

"S-so Brightherb got a prophecy saying that we were going to be destroyed by Treeclan. So we had to attack. It resulted in some death and they took Thornclaw prisoner! And-and then I got a dream from Starclan, and I'm expecting kits! Thornclaw *has* to come back soon!" Thrushwing hissed quietly.

Creekheart nodded sympathetically. "I'll have my leader meet up with yours. Hey! We could ask Batear!" Thrushwing nodded and hurried to find Batear.

When they finally found their Moorclan friend, the gathering was about to begin. As quickly as she could, Thrushwing explained what happened.

Batear smiled sympathetically. "I'll get my leader to help to.

~a few days later~

Thrushwing walked behind Oakstar, sorrow filling her heart as she glanced over towards the Treeclan territory. She hoped that Thornclaw was being treated alright. As she continued to follow her leader, she perked up at the scents of Batear and Creekheart, as well as their leaders. As Thrushwing entered the clearing with Oakstar,

she could tell Creekheart really should've stayed in camp, as the she-cat was close to kitting. Thrushwing sat down, ready for anything. "We attack tonight," Rabbitstar proposed suddenly.

Goldenstar nodded. "I guess that's reasonable..."

"Alright. It's settled. Meet here at sunset with a good amount of warriors. Then we'll storm the camp." Oakstar decided. They headed back to camp after the brief meeting.

-=-=-at sunset-=-=-

Thrushwing impatiently paced in front of Treeclan's camp. They were setting up a medicine area, just in case. She could just make out Thornclaw's pelt. Frustration pricked her pelt as she unsheathed her claws. "Can we go now?" she hissed quietly to Oakstar, who rolled his eyes playfully.

"One moment," he mewed, turning to the other two leaders. "Are you ready?"

They nodded. Thrushwing smiled. "Great, lets go!" Warriors pelted down to the entrance. *Arrogant furballs,* she thought, noticing the lack of guards.

They raced into camp and Thrushwing pulled to the front. She didn't stop running until she was in front of Thornclaw. He sleepily looked up, blinking his eyes. Suddenly, he jumped up. "Thrushwing!" he mewed happily. Suddenly, cats peered out of their dens.

"INVASION!" they yowled.

A/N

I was going to write more for you two readers *unless there are more...*

But I couldn't wait to publish another chapter!!

Chapter 18; Thornclaw

A/N

This is mostly battle, just to let you know...

Thornclaw perked up. "Thrushwing!" he exclaimed happily. He didn't care if Treeclan woke up, it was just one-

His thought was interrupted as tons of cats streamed in. "Did you get three clans to come?" he joked. Thrushwing nodded.

"Actually, yes," she replied seriously. "Now, let's go defeat Treeclan." The two warriors launched into battle, looking out for each other. A tom lunged at Thrushwing. Thornclaw batted him away. A powerful she-cat lunged at Thornclaw in response. Thrushwing kicked her, snarling. They matched, blow for blow due to all the training they did together, pushing back Treeclan warriors. The deputy went to attack Thrushwing, and Thornclaw leaped in front of her, getting a bad scratch on his leg. He leaped on top of the deputy, clawing her hind legs out from under her. She collapsed. Remembering when Thrushwing sprained her paw, he leaped off her as she rolled over. Growling, she darted to cower in the warrior's den, joining most of her clanmates. Thornclaw and Thrushwing padded up to Birchstar.

"Do you surrender, promising to let us *all* go?" Thornclaw asked.

"Never!" Birchstar yowled. He glared at Thrushwing. "This is all your fault. If it weren't for you, I could've promised Oakstar his precious warrior back if I could take over his clan!" The leader lunged at Thrushwing. Thornclaw, wide-eyed, leaped in front of his mate before processing for sure that the leader was about to deliver a death-blow. Feeling teeth contact his leg that was injured before, he yowled in pain.

Everything blurred as he saw Thrushwing, spitting with rage, leap onto Birchstar. She clawed his ears, before slicing open his stomach. He gasped, and collapsed. The deputy stepped out, eyes open in fear. "W-we retreat. Birchstar- h-he was on h-his l-last life," the deputy mewed. Things were darkening for Thornclaw, but he could imagine her eyes full of fear and tears. He could imagine her shivering, imagining the burden being placed among her shoulders.

Then everything was bright. He blinked in confusion, looking around. Thrushwing wasn't there, or Oakstar, or Birchstar's lifeless body. Instead, he was in a starry forest. No! He couldn't be-

"Your not dead," he heard a voice mew. He whipped around. It was his mother.

"Why do I keep seeing Starclan?" he mewed, a edge of fear in his voice. "I'm not a medicine cat. I'm not special."

"You are more special then you know. You are destined to do something wonderful. Something not one of us can tell you. At least, not yet. Now come, let's observe your clanmates. At least Oakstar suspects something. He may feel like your brother, but how he's taken this, this is more then even a cousin would do," his mother eased him to a pool, where he could see his clanmates. Thrushwing was attempting to carry him alone, but kept tripping due to wounds and sorrow. Finally, Oakstar ordered the two most fit warriors to carry Thornclaw. He surrounded them with more warriors. Finally, he started to clear the path for them, with Thrushwing almost in the back.

Thornclaw kept watching. Once they got to camp, Oakstar ordered everyone to clear the way to Brightherb's den. He had apprentices running to get extra cobwebs and soak moss. Soon, Thornclaw felt agonizing pain in his leg. "H-help!" he gasped. The forest started to fade. He looked at his mother, who's eyes were glistening.

"I love you," she whispered.

Thornclaw blinked, gasping in pain. He looked at Thrushwing. She was saying something, but she couldn't hear just what. He saw Brightherb in the corner of his vision, being lectured by Oakstar,

while she scraped herbs together. He looked back at Thrushwing's face, staring at her. He saw her eyes begin to tear up. Sound started to come to him gradually. He heard Oakstar yelling at Brightherb. And then, he heard Thrushwing. He closed his eyes, focusing on her words. Then, Silverfeather yowled. A warrior ran into the den.

"Silverfeather's kits are coming!" At these words, Oakstar stopped mid-sentence. He ran out of the den. Thornclaw looked back at Thrushwing.

"Go," he whispered. "Your sister needs you."

Chapter 19; Thrushwing

Thrushwing nodded in response to her mate, knowing he was alright. She hurried to the nursery, crouching besides her sister. Oakstar was super worried, pacing in the small den. "Stop pacing or get out!" Brightherb eventually snapped. It was funny how quickly Oakstar settled down next to his mate. When the kits were born, Oakstar let out a huge sigh of relief. Brightherb left to tend to Thornclaw. Though his body was calm, his mind was obviously far from it. Thrushwing nosed the kits to her sister as they started to wander. Two she-kits and a tom.

Silverfeather looked at Oakstar happily. "Let's name the tom Duskkit," she whispered, looking at the silver tom. Thrushwing was surprised by the beautiful pelt. He had white circles around his eyes and all over his pelt. The tip of his tail was white, too. "And this one... Littlekit."

"Can we name the last one Moonkit?" Oakstar asked, barely a whisper. Silverfeather nodded.

"You know, it'll be hard to watch the kits in here all alone all the time..." Thrushwing's sister sighed. Oakstar nuzzled her.

"I'll visit everyday," he promised her.

"She isn't going to be alone," Thrushwing interrupted.

"W-what do you mean?" Oakstar asked, confused.

"I'm expecting kits!" Thrushwing purred.

"You already know? By the time Brightherb told me, I was close to kitting," Silverfeather complained, her eyes drooping.

"Starclan told me," Thrushwing whispered. "Now go to sleep, dear sister. I'll watch your kits as you sleep."

Thrushwing curled up in the nest next to Silverfeather, both all the way in the back of the nursery. Already she could feel the increase of curve in her stomach. She imagined the tiny body of kits, curled up together in her belly. She kept a careful eye on the three kits, her nieces and nephew.

When Silverfeather awoke, the kits squirmed a little. One eyelid twitched a little, almost as though it were about to open its eyes. Except one stayed still. Moonkit. She had been moving a little just moments before her mother awoke! Panicked, Thrushwing hurried over to nose the small kit. Motionless still. She listened to her breathing. Absent.

"S-silverfeather! M-moonkit isn't waking up!" Thrushwing exclaimed. Suddenly, her sister was intensely listening to her kit.

"No!" she wailed. "She's to young!" Cats started to peer inside with curiosity. Oakstar shouldered his way in.

"S-silverfeather, what's wrong?" he asked, fear in his eyes. He saw Moonkit. "N-no..." Silverfeather sniffed and nodded. Duskkit squirmed again, his eyelids trying to open.

"Look! Duskkit's opening his eyes!" Thrushwing whispered.

"Now's not the time!" Oakstar snapped. Thrushwing stepped back, stung. Snatching Moonkit away from the two she-cats, Oakstar stormed away. Silverfeather followed, shooting a small glare at Thrushwing.

"I trusted you to watch my kits," she hissed. Thrushwing opened her mouth, but Silverfeather was gone. Not wanting to leave two newborn kits on their own, she herded them to her nest. Duskkit peered up at her.

"Are you my mother?" he squeaked. Thrushwing shook her head.

"No, she is busy right now. But she'll be back. Can you keep an eye on thing in here for me," Thrushwing asked, yawning. Duskkit

nodded and she closed her eyes.

When she opened her eyes, she was surrounded by a very familiar starry forest. Today, her mother was in front of her. "Cloudyheart?" she gasped. Her mother nodded, smiling. "I haven't seen you since the day before I was reunited with Silverfeather..."

Her mother's smile faded. "S-she isn't your sister. But your sister *was* coming, b-but somethings not even Starclan can control. Another cat started to appear. A brown she-cat with white stripes. Her eyes were silver. Her front left paw was also white. "This is Hareheart. She was raised like a warrior, but living as a rogue. She was going to find you- but she was killed by Silverfeather. Silverfeather was only defending herself, but she accidentally killed Hareheart. Before your sister died, she exclaimed that she had to go to the clans to- to find her sister." Tears formed in her mother's eyes. The forest faded.

"W-wait!" Thrushwing woke up. It was too late. "Oakstar!"

Oakstar appeared, glaring, into the nursery. "What?"

"Watch your kits, I need to speak with Silverfeather," Thrushwing spat. He crawled in and Thrushwing left. "Silverfeather!"

The queen, crouching next to Moonkit, looked up angrily. "What?"

"We need to talk. *Outside* of camp," Thrushwing added. The two cats left the camp. "You aren't my sister, you lying murderer!"

Silverfeather glared at her. "I was tired of being on my own. When your annoying sister came, I saw the perfect chance to be accepted into a group. After all, Cloudyheart kitted outside of camp. No one ever saw her second kit. Besides I look enough like you. That stupid furball told me everything. Now I have everything, kits, a powerful mate who would easily believe I love him because of his broken heart, and protection."

"Ugh," Thrushwing growled. "I can't believe I ever thought you were my sister." Whipping around, she ran back to camp and to the nursery. She ran to Oakstar and confessed everything, from her dream to Silverfeather's secret.

"As if! You just want to ruin our lives even more," he hissed.

"Go to the moon stream, then!" she spat. Rolling his eyes, Oakstar left.

Chapter 20; Thornclaw

Thornclaw woke up to the yowl of a meeting. He stood up, stretching his stiff paws, and stepped outside the medicine cat's den. He blinked, his eyes adjusting. "Silverfeather, step forward!" Oakstar called. What is this, a crremony?

"Thrushwing has accused you of murder, and I have consulted Starclan. Thrushwing's own mother revealed that she had two kits- Thrushwing and a brave rogue Hareheart. Never a kit named Silver. It has been revealed that you have murdered a cat. Your punishment is having to stay in the nursery for three days, and you can't eat tonight. I also refuse to be your mate any longer, *not* just because your a murderer. Meeting dismissed!"

Thornclaw hurried over to the nursery, where Thrushwing had just disappeared.

Finally, he crossed the clearing, his stiffness slowing him. He paused a moment, the went in. "Thrushwing!" he gasped. His mate was being pinned down by Silverfeather, whose claws were out.

"If you hadn't blabbered to Oakstar, I would've been fine, with a respected mate. I could've easily taken over the clan! So to pay for what you've cost me, I'll kill you and your precious unborn kits!" Silverfeather hissed. Thornclaw spun around and ran, stiffness forgoten.

"Oakstar! Go to the nursery! Silverfeather is trying to kill Thrushwing!" Thornclaw cried out, desperate to get help for his mate.

Oakstar nodded, running to the nursery. Thornclaw followed. As he shoved his way through, he could see Oakstar knocking Silverfeather onto her side. Thrushwing, released, hurried over to Duskkit and Littlekit. She started to sooth them.

"You are no member of Sunclan, Silverfeather, and you are no

longer welcome here," Oakstar snarled.

"Just let me take my kits," she replied indifferently.

"No, these kits are Sunclan's, not your's, not after what you did," he hissed. Silverfeather ran away, hissing at nearby cats. Then she was gone.

Thrushwing suddenly let out a jerk. The kits were coming! Thornclaw ran away to go get Brightherb. "Hurry up!" He growled as she shuffled around her den, getting herbs. Finally, she left to go take care of Thrushwing. Not bearing the thought of standing by, doing nothing, Thornclaw left to hunt. Once outside, the first thing he saw was a blackbird. Thrushwing's favorite. He quickly caught it, burying it. He continued to hunt.

When he was finally done, he carried three mice, two blackbirds, two voles, and a squirrel. Way more then his usual. He carefully carried them back to camp, placing them on the freshkill pile, except for a blackbird, which he carried to the nursery. He poked his head in, and Thrushwing lifted her head. There were four kits, and Thornclaw already loved them. He hurried over, giving Thrushwing the blackbird. He looked at the kits and at Theushwing happily.

"What'll we name them?" he asked quietly.

Chapter 21; Thrushwing

Thrushwing looked down at the four kits in front of her. She looked up at Thornclaw, her eyes full of love. "Let's name this one Icekit," she decided, looking down at a icy gray she-cat, pride swelling within her.

"I love it," Thornclaw rumbled, leaning towards her. "Can we name the other she-cat Moonkit?" Thrushwing nodded as Thornclaw's tail brushed Moonkit slightly. The gray tabby looked remarkably like Thornclaw's mother.

Thrushwing looked at her two sons. One, a golden colored, was stretching his mouth widely. *As if letting out a silent roar,* Thrushwing smiled. "Let's name him Lionkit," she decided. Thornclaw touched her ear with his nose.

"It's perfect," he reassured her. "How about Jaykit for the last one?" he was referring to a light gray kit with a white chest. Thrushwing smiled at him.

-=-=-1 moon later-=-=-

Thrushwing watched six kits played. Two were Silverfeather's, who hadn't been heard of since being banished, and four were her's. Thornclaw padded in from hunting with Lionscratch, followed by the newly named warriors Hareear and Yellowtail. Littleheart had followed the path of a medicine cat, a well accomplished one, too.

END OF BOOK ONE

Thank You

T hank Y ou

T hank you so much for reading my book. I plan on taking a long break and go through editing this story. I will post any developments and plan on writing several chapters of the sequel before releasing. Thanks again (for the umpteenth time)

~ SuperPika

:3